

THIS PAGE MADE FOR AND BY T. D. C. C. MEMBERS.

"IFS" BY THE EDITOR

FOR T. D. C. C. MEMBERS

It seems that it is about in order for the editor to again address some words of warning to the members of the Children's Club.

If children send drawings done in pencil or in colors they will know in time that such are fit only for the waste basket and will cease looking for them to appear in the Children's Page.

If children send applications for membership and do not sign their names to the application, as several applicants this week, the badges will not be received because the editor doesn't know where to send them.

If children will write their stories intelligently, and on both sides of their paper, and then call to give their names and address in full, they must not complain of not having their contributions published.

And the same rule applying to poetry puzzles. As a last admonition, the editor repeats: Children, sign your drawings with name and address. Write the answers to your puzzles on a separate sheet of paper and not in with the puzzles.

PARTICIPANTS IN PAINT BOOK CONTEST.

Ans. G. R. Kendrick, L. A. Allen, M. St. C. Kenyon, Maud Anderson, W. G. Kelley, Elizabeth Atkinson, E. L. Loving, A. L. Atkinson, Elmo Moody, Sarah Angel, A. C. Martenstein, G. Blaise, J. S. McCraw, L. H. Bryner, Odessa McMahon, Thos. W. Buchanan, H. McGrunder, V. Brown, Nellie May, Agnes Bates, Ruth Mallory, Ruth Blunt, Ruth H. Miles, M. M. Burton, Flora Miller, H. L. Bryant, Ruby Marie O'Neill, Ida Baseler, K. Parker, Laura B. J. T. Patterson, Emma Cheeswood, Alma Canaan, Z. Pasman, M. F. Carrington, F. V. Kratz, Amy Crump, Willie Rees, H. E. Chambers, Will Rhodes, C. L. Corder, Pearl Robinson, A. A. Cooke, M. J. J. Reid, A. J. Catlin, Caroline Rhodes, Roy Driscoll, L. G. Roney, L. M. Dominick, Teresa Royall, Colston Dyer, Edith T. Barclay, H. T. Davis, D. W. J. Schneider, Doby Dunford, F. B. Jr. Snapper, Annette Easley, Ruth Schluter, John Enslow, J. A. G. Spindler, Lloyd Eggleston, C. A. Sheppard, Eva F. Ellyson, E. Sheppard, Eva F. Ellyson, E. C. Sheppard, Eva F. Engle, Avie Smith, L. W. C. Ferguson, J. D. Selden, B. M. Gregory, A. A. Tompkins, Geo. Godding, Ina V. Verser, M. E. Gerring, J. V. Vaughan, M. A. Garmann, A. Wisn, Willa Gilman, Ruth Willingham, H. E. Goode, Annie Wright, Lucille Harrison, K. T. Wendell, Page Hudson, Leonia Wendlinger, C. C. Davis, E. F. Woolwine, Mary Hughes, Etta N. Wilson, O. P. Hackett, Corinne Wade, Lottie Haley, May Waring, L. W. Hudson, M. J. Jr. Willard, Isabelle Hughes, Chas. H. Woody, Thos. Joseph, C. E. Walshaw, C. R. Johnson, C. E. Williams, M. Jones, Eugene Wedder, M. A. Jenks, Edgar Weiss, Annie Jennings, N. H. Wallerstein, M. L. Wright, N. E.

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FAITHFUL JACK.

My cousin had a fine Newfoundland dog. His name was Jack. One day Jack and I went out to see if we caught anything in our traps. The first one I did not have anything in it, but the second one was a little one, and it had two legs in it. I was so afraid that it was a dog that I fell in the pond. Jack jumped in and saved me. Don't you think that he was brave?

EMMA NEWMAN,
105 E. Clay St.

A rim is
Ah
His given
You

all that's left,
me!
his heartaway
see.

Just look at
This
The piece
Is just a

this poor has
broken
she has
taken!

See what
Cupid's
Pierced his
He's a target
For all the

naughty
do,
tender heart;
as you see,
flery darts.

His loving
Quite sure
The story of
Heart-

heart's
mending
the cracks,
rending.

A broken
It falls
For surely 'tis
This heart
For a
But see 'tis

heart!
post mending,
was thine,
Valentine,
pitiful ending!

PR ZE VALENTINE--"BROKEN HEARTS"--BY MISS NANNIE R. COOKE, BUCKNER'S, VA.

THE PONY EXPRESS.

Hugh Spade, the express rider, after having collected his mail, swung lightly into the saddle of one of the horses kept as reserves. As he was about to start the sheriff called to him, and giving him a packet, said, "Spade, deliver this under any circumstance." Going at a brisk trot he reached the next place before night. However, he had the package to deliver. Throwing off the mail, he alighted, and picking out one of the reserve horses, mounted and galloped away.

The part of the country through which he had to go was unusually wild and inhabited by bands of hostile Indians. After having ridden for a while darkness came on. He was riding along at an easy gallop when, to right, left and in front he heard that blood-curdling cry which means Indians. Immediately by spurring his horse to utmost speed he dashed ahead, but a bullet struck the horse in

stones. Their parents left them as before, but Jasper knew they were not coming back again. He woke up again at midnight, but the birds had eaten the crumbs, so there was no way of getting home.

Alma shared her bread with Jasper. They walked up and down the woods until they saw a pretty white bird sitting on a tree singing. The children followed the bird until they came to a little house. The roof was made of bread, and the windows of sugar. The children were very hungry, so Alma began to eat from the windows, while Jasper ate off the roof. Presently they heard a voice saying: "Nibb! nibb! who is that nibbling at my house?" The children said: "It is only the wind." But the old woman heard this voice again, so she opened her little window and asked them in. She was an old witch, but she acted very nice to the children. Her house was



THE PONY EXPRESS. Prize Drawing. BY WALTER YOUNG.

the shoulder. The gallant steed stumbled, then, as if ashamed, gathered all its strength and again plunged ahead into the darkness. But on a sudden lunging forward he sank in a heap to the earth. The Indians raised an exultant cry, but Spade was not to be conquered easily. Unslung his carbine he fired four successive shots. The Indians, taken by surprise, checked their horses, then came on again. Again Spade fired, exhausting his load with the same result. But it could only end one way. The Indians now rode forward on seeing Spade had ceased firing and binding him, set him on a horse. They now rode on to camp. As they neared, Spade taking the well known knee grip on his horse, drove the spurs into its flanks. The beast plunged forward, nearly sending him to the ground. The Indians at first taken by surprise, sat their horses bewildered. This recovery, set out in hot pursuit. But his whistled around him, one striking him in the back. He sank forward on the horse's neck, but recovering himself again, spurred the horse to renewed efforts. The lights in the small town began to show. If he could only reach it. Again spurring his horse, he soon galloped into the town. The people gathered around him to hear the news, but with a groan he sank to the ground dead. But he had brought the packet.

JASPER AND ALMA.

One day there lived in the country a very poor family. There was a little girl, whose name was Alma. The boy was older. His name was Jasper. The children's mother died, and their father married again; but the children did not like their step-mother, as she was not kind to them. One night Jasper said awake, and he heard his father say, "What will we do for food to-morrow?" The wife said: "I will tell you what to do. We will go to the woods and take the children and leave them there." Alma began to get very frightened, but Jasper told her he would take care of her. Jasper never went to sleep until his parents had gone. When every one was asleep, Jasper went out and filled his pockets with little white pebbles. The next morning the step-mother came and woke the children, pulling them out of bed. She gave them each a piece of bread, and told them that they would all go to the woods to spend the day. Alma became frightened again, but she remembered what Jasper told her. All along the road Jasper dropped these little stones, one by one from his pockets, until he reached the middle of the woods. The step-mother said: "Now, children, we will make you all a fire, and leave you here to warm, while your father and I cut down some trees."

The poor children expected this. They waited until dark, but no one came that way; they slept until midnight, and Jasper then took Alma by the hand, followed the little white pebbles until they reached their home. The poor father was so glad to see the children that he hugged and kissed them several times. The step-mother accused them for staying so long in the woods alone. They went to bed, but Jasper awoke until his parents were asleep. He heard them say the same thing. The next morning the step-mother came, and pulling the children, one by one from his pockets, gave them each a piece of bread. She gave them another piece of bread. Jasper had tried last night to get some stones, but the door was locked, and the step-mother had the key. So as they were walking along, he dropped a little crumb of bread, instead of the

made as a trap for them, and the bird was sent out so as to show them the way. She put the children in a nice bed. While Alma was asleep she stole Jasper out of bed, and put him into a stable. When Alma got up she got on her knees and said: "God, please let us get away. If we had of stayed in the woods we would at least have died together." The old witch said: "God will not answer your prayer." For five mornings the witch went to the stable and asked Jasper to stick out his finger, but Jasper knew that she was hard of seeing, so he stuck out a bone instead of his finger. The old witch wondered what kept him so thin, so she told Alma to get the oven hot, because she was going to eat Jasper whether he was thin or fat. Alma told her she did not know how to open the door. The poor child knew what she was up to. The witch went in the direction of the fire, with Alma behind her, saying: "Come on, stupidness." The old witch was very thin, so when she opened the door of the furnace to show Alma, into the fire the witch went. Alma pushed her in. Alma left the witch to holler, while she went to let her poor brother out of the stable, and told him they were free. They searched the whole house until they came to a room where the witch kept her treasures. They filled their pockets, aprons and hats with the finest of things. Jasper said: "This is better than dropping the little white pebbles." They started toward their home, but they came to a stream of water, but there was no bridge, so they asked a little white duck to take them across, which he did. After they were across the way grew very familiar to them. The children's father became very lonely until he saw his children. His wife had died, so the jewelry the children brought home made them rich forever.

FORTUNE.

If fortune with a smiling face strews roses on our way, when should we stop



DISAPPOINTED. BY WARREN HUGHES, Richmond, Va.

to pick them up? To-day, my friend, look! But should we (from with face of care, and talk of coming sorrow, when shall we grieve, if grieve we must? To-morrow, to-morrow, would like to become a member of the T. D. C. C.

ABE COHEN.

AN EXPLANATION.

To the young lady toad said the mother, "How had you the boldness, my dear, to propose to Miss Polliwog's brother?" "O, mamma," she replied, "his leap

THE PRIZE WINNERS IN LAST WEEK'S CONTEST

Valentine Contest.
For the best illustrated Valentine:
MISS NANNIE COOKE,
Buckner's Station, Va.

Paint Book Contest.
FRANCES WOODSON,
No. 2003 Grove Avenue, City.

Puzzle and Drawing Contest.
BELL WINFREE MOSS,
Booker, Va.
DENNIE O'NEIL,
No. 1708 Venable Street, City.

SOME RECIPES.

Peppermint Drops.
Three cups sugar, one cup water, six drops oil of peppermint. Boil ten minutes; beat until cool and drop on marble slab.
MINNIE MCRAW.

Cream Chocolates.
Three cups of pulverized sugar, one cup of soft water, two tablespoons of cornstarch, one tablespoonful of butter. Wash from the butter every grain of salt; stir the sugar and water together; mix in the cornstarch; bring to a boil stirring constantly, and boil about ten minutes. Take from the stove and beat as you would eggs until it begins to look like granulated cream; put in a teaspoon and a half of vanilla. Make into balls and lay in a dish to harden. Melt half a cake of baker's chocolate, and throw the balls in it.
LOUISE HARRISON MCRAW.

Nut Candy.
One cup hickorynuts (meats), two cups sugar, half cup water. Boil sugar and water, without stirring, until thick enough to spin a thread; flavor with royal extract lemon or vanilla. Set off into cold water; stir quickly until white, then stir in nuts; turn in to flat tin; when cold cut into small squares.
ANNIE WEISS.

Fudge.
Cook three cups sugar, one cup milk and one tablespoon butter. When sugar is melted add four or five tablespoons cocoa. Stir and boil fifteen minutes. Take from fire, add one teaspoon vanilla. Stir all creamy, pour on buttered plates and cut in squares.
JOSEPHINE E. M'DOWELL.

Fig Pudding.
One-half pound good dried figs, washed, wiped and minced; two cups fine dry bread crumbs, three eggs, one-half cup beef suet, powdered, two scant cups sweet milk, one-half cup white sugar, in which one tablespoon of baking powder has been mixed; little salt. Soak the crumbs in milk; add eggs beaten light with sugar, salt, suet and figs. Beat three minutes, put in buttered mould, with tight top; set boiling water with weight on cover to prevent mould from upsetting, and boil three hours. Eat hot, with hard sauce, and papai san ter, powdered sugar, one teaspoon extract nutmeg.
JOSEPHINE E. M'DOWELL.

MY PET.
I have no pets except a dog, whom I am going to write about. She is about a year and three months old. She is very fond of me because I am good to her. We kept her in the country awhile and she was not used to children; so when we brought her home, if my baby brother would play with her, she would snap at him, but now the dog has gotten used to him and lets him ride her or do anything he wants to. She is white, with big brown spots on her. Her name is Gay. I used to have a dog that I called Frank, but he had his leg broken, and papa said that my father loves juling, especially hunting, and one day I counted thirteen dogs that he had. Sometimes when I am up and tries to kiss me, but I won't let her.
ALMA BECKLEY.

ELSIE'S TEA PARTY.
Once upon a time there was a little girl who lived in the country, and did not have any playmates, so she spent all her time playing with her dolls. One day she went to the city to spend the day with her cousin. In the afternoon her cousin said Elsie might have a little tea party and invite all the little girls of the neighborhood. They were all there by 4 o'clock. They played many merry games, and all was merry when time came to leave.

When Elsie went home she told her mother about the tea party, and asked if she could have one. Her mother said she could, but that afternoon Elsie dressed all her dolls and played with them and had a very nice time.
ALLINE SIMS.

Behadments.

1. Behad a seat and leave an instrument.
2. Behad the skin of a fruit and leave a kind of fish.
3. Behad a part of a vehicle and leave a part of human body.
4. Behad an article of clothing and leave a farming implement.
5. Behad to exert and leave a promoter of commerce.
MARIE TIMBERLAKE.

Puzzle.

My 4, 2, 11 is a small steam vessel.
My 5, 9, 8 is to hurry.
My 3, 1, 12, 7, 8 is a girl's name.
My 5, 9, 11, 8, 4 is not wrong.
My 4, 12, 13, 5, 14 is to joller.
My 10, 7, 4 is a boy's name.
My whole is composed of fourteen letters and is one of the important countries of the old world.
MARIE TIMBERLAKE.

THE PUZZLE DEPARTMENT

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

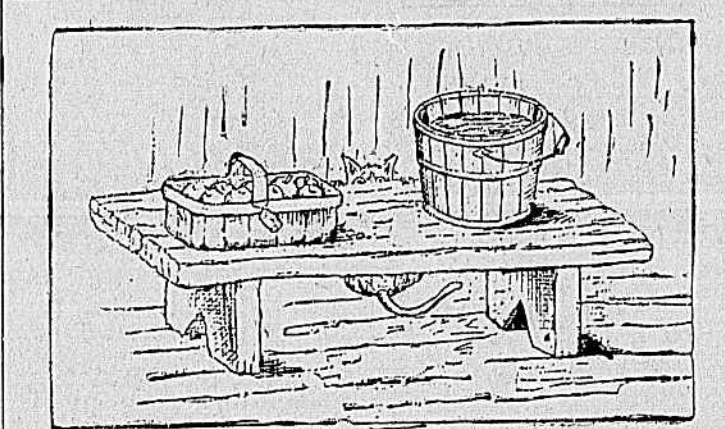
Conundrum.
Ans. There is Chief Puller, and the horse is another chief puller.
MALCOLM STITH.

Conundrum.
Ans. "Echo."
ALWYN SAUNDERS.

Puzzles.
Answers:
1. Because he is his wife's second mate.
2. Pull its tail.
3. In a barrel.
4th. Because we must be before we can see.
5th. Because his business makes him sell fish (selfish).
6th. Tie him to a post.
HERBERT M'DOWELL.

Riddles.

1. Because they both have limbs.
2. When it is rung for dinner.
3. Because it goes to the seller and



BY DENNIE O'NEIL, Richmond, Va. (Prize Drawing.)

not to the buyer.
4. To hold his pants up.
5. Six and seven are thirteen.
6. To cover his head.
HENRY CHAMBERLAIN GREGORY.

Conundrums.

1. The elephant the most, because he carries his trunk; the fox and the rooster the least as they have only a brush and comb between them.
2. Because she is something to a door (adore).
3. Because he holds on to the last.
4. He fingers the keys.
5. It is a bee holder (beholder).
6. P. G. without an I.
7. A policeman when he is wanted.
8. Because she'd Adam (had 'em).
9. Because he handles the ore (oar).
10. It has halls.
11. Courtship.
12. Because it's the middle of day.
13. About half an hour.
14. Because the train always runs over sleepers.
15. Because it's at the end of pork.
THOMAS WOODY.

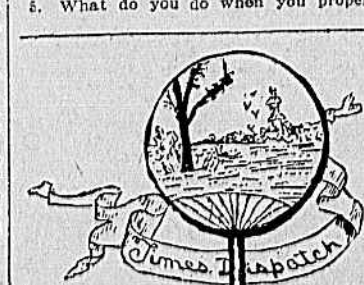
Word Puzzles.

(a) 1. Wright.
2. Night.
3. Light.
4. Light.
5. Right.
6. Right.
7. Right.
8. Right.
9. Right.
CHARLES WOODY.

THIS WEEK'S PUZZLES.

Poetic Puzzle.

The answer to each question gives a poet's name.
1. Which poet's name represents the day of our youth?
2. When a greedy child is eating something nice, what does it ask for?
3. When you stick your hand to a hot stove, what does it do?
4. What do you wear on your head to keep the air out?
5. What do you do when you propel



BY H. A. COWLES.

a boat?
6. How does the beach look?
7. What is a symptom of pneumonia?
8. What name warns one of the approach of old age?
9. Who was a noted poet whose name means to recline not far away?
10. What poet's name means to wield a weapon of ancient warfare?
11. What English poet dres saucer rhyme to?
12. What poet's name is a great solace in time of trouble?
13. Who is the head of the Roman Catholic Church?
14. When one wants to be informed of something, what does he ask?
15. Who was North Carolina's "Sweetest Foot"? his name means an elevated

STORIES NEXT SUNDAY ON WASHINGTON'S LIFE

Tommy's Valentine "has inspired a little girl to do a very nice piece of illustration, so the editor has great hopes of what next week will bring forth by way of incident and personality in the life of General George Washington, the great American who stood "first in peace, first in war, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

The two things that earliest impressed your editor in Washington's life were two pictures in McGuffey's Second Reader--the Second Reader in vogue many years ago is the one referred to. These pictures showed General George as a little boy, number one, depicting him in the act of rushing into his father's arms after confessing to him his fault in the matter of freely using a hickory on a first young cherry tree.

The next picture revealed the boy--George--and the elder Mr. Washington bending over a flower bed, where Mr. Washington had sown his son's name, and George was amazed to see the letters come up in living green. It is very possible--or rather, probable--that the pictures in both instances would seem to be regarded as poor examples of art with rather woody figures. So it seems all right to look back on them through the kindly haze of memory and think them quite perfect in their way. Perhaps the boys and girls of the Children's Club may be interested in knowing Washington's life during his childhood, and may understand the man's character better by reading it from his boyhood's beginning.

SOME LETTERS FROM BRIGHT T. D. C. C. BOYS AND GIRLS

Editor Times-Dispatch T. D. C. C.:
Dear Sir--and you a picture of a bear, which I hope you will publish in your paper. I like for the paper to come a month or more, and haven't been able to send any for a while, but I hope this drawing is worthy of publication and of winning a prize. I drew the picture by myself, and think it is the best I ever drew. Please send me another badge; I sent mine to my brother and he lost it in the world. I have two kittens, they are lying now by the fire asleep and they look really. There was a big bear came through here one time, I am awfully afraid of bears.
Hoping that Mr. Bruin Bear will win a prize, I remain
Yours truly,
JULIAN T. BABER.
Pocahontas, Va.

Dear Editor--I am a little boy, ten years old. My papa takes the Times-Dispatch, and I like for the paper to come. I send a picture and I hope you will find it good enough to print.
Yours truly,
AUGUST CORDES.

Dear Editor--I am nine years old and am crippled and I can't walk. I want to join the children's club. Please send me a badge. I would like to go to school, but can't get there and back. I am crippled so bad. My papa takes the Times-Dispatch, and I love to hear him read it. I think it is the best paper in the world. I have two kittens, they are lying now by the fire asleep and they look really. There was a big bear came through here one time, I am awfully afraid of bears.
If any of the little readers have any papers, old books or anything they don't want, please send them to me. I will be thankful, as it is to read so well, and the snow is now awful deep, and I can't get out. I pity any little boy or girl that is in such circumstances.
Very truly,
SAM N. KINZER.
Gladesboro, Va.

Dear Editor--I want to be a member of your children's club, because my sister sent me to it and she likes to join in it, so that I might wear a badge, to show that I am one of your members and to show to everybody so that other children may belong to it too.
Yours truly,
JACOB HARRIS.

Dear Editor--I enclose you a drawing, which I hope worthy of publication. I am interested in the children's page, and hope to see my drawing in it. Please send me a badge.
Yours truly,
FRANK HEACOCK.
No. 140 Floyd Avenue.

Dear Mr. Editor:
I have sent you a picture and hope you will like them. I have only been to school two months, and can write only a few lines. I enjoy your Sunday paper very much. My mamma reads all the T. D. C. C. letters to me. I love to draw very much.
Yours truly,
LOUISE JOHNSON.
Manchester, Va.

Dear Editor--I cannot say with ink and pen how much I thank you for publishing my story. I hope you will publish it. I appreciate your kindness, and hope you some more jokes and poetry, which I hope you will publish.
Yours truly,
ALFRED JOSEPH KIRSH.
No. 1 West Clay Street.

Dear Editor--I send a puzzle and a drawing, which I hope you will like. I enjoy the children's page. I enjoy the story of the "Good Natured Bear" so much. I hope to get a prize very much. I hope I will get a badge.
Yours truly,
ANNA HOWARD LAWSON.
Floyd, Va.

The Times-Dispatch "poetic puzzle" and hope you will insert it in the next issue of the children's column. Please do not publish the answers to the puzzles in the following week. I thought arranging them here would be convenient to you. With best wishes for the T. D. C. C. members,
Yours truly,
BELLE WINFREE MOSS.
Booker, Va.

Editor of T. D. C. C.:
Dear Sir--Please excuse my long apology, but I have been so busy with school so much that I was not able to use them much; but now they are all right. I received your letter about the "Good Natured Bear" and was very much pleased with it. Many thanks to you. Enclosed you will find story. I hope you will like it. May God bless the T. D. C. C.
Sincerely your friend,
JOHN WILBUR WATSON.
Chatham, Va.

Dear Sir--I received the Mother Goose picture and I had no idea I would get it, and I was very agreeably surprised. Thanks for same.
I have a photograph at present, but will have one in about a week or so, if that will do. Please write and let me know.
Yours very truly,
VIRGIE RICHARDSON.
P. S. Thanks for the beautiful pin.

Dear Mr. Editor:
I have sent you a "paint book." I want one very much. I love the Times-Dispatch and the T. D. C. C. page. I like the snow and love to feed the little snowbirds. I have no little children will kill them. There are God's darling birds. He sends to make the earth pretty when all the other birds fly away. We should love them best of all and not set traps to catch them. Good-bye.
Yours truly,
BESSIE RIVES BRAGG.
Blackstone, Va.

Dear Editor:
I received my badge a few days ago and think it is very pretty. I now close a poem about Mother Goose picture, painted. I hope one of them at least will draw a prize. I am a little girl, and I have but one brother: he is thirteen.
Yours sincerely,
No. 103 North Beech Street.

Dear Editor:
I received my badge a few days ago and think it is very pretty. I now close a poem about Mother Goose picture, painted. I hope one of them at least will draw a prize. I am a little girl, and I have but one brother: he is thirteen.
Yours sincerely,
No. 103 North Beech Street.